20c per copy
$2.00 " year

DECEMBER, 1952

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

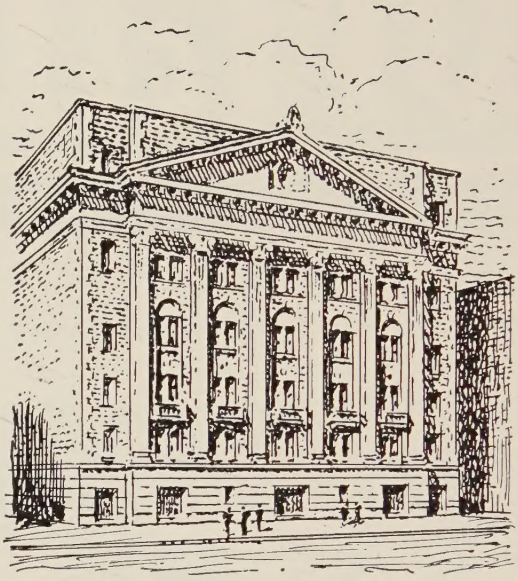
A Christmas Greeting

At this time of year when tinsel and the red and green Christmas decorations begin to glorify the shop windows, every heart beats a little faster with the thrill of the approaching holiday. Everyone who can begins to plan nice little surprises for their loved ones. Everyone is happy to make necessary sacrifices. But why—why do we not reach out more fervently to show good will to men throughout the year? Must we wait for Christmas candles to light the way? Christmas means more than holly and plum pudding—more than presents and gay parties and greeting cards. The Spirit of Christmas means love, humility, simplicity, unselfishness, kindness. If this spirit could dwell with us all the other 364 days and not wait for just the one opportunity in the year to be expressed—how nobly we would grow in better and finer thought and deed! Then would there truly be joy to the world, Peace on Earth, Good Will to men!

The editors desire to extend to everyone Most Cordial Good Wishes. May the Yuletide bring the blessing of Peace to every heart.

In deep appreciation for your friendship,

Preston and June Bradley



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam

Volume XXIX *December, 1952* *Number 8*

Christmas Season

In The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence Avenue

Monday, December 15, 1:00 p.m. Anderson Hall
Christmas Party of the Woman's Club. Program by Ina Mae Jones, presenting "Gay Nineties" and Whistler Interpretations.

Wednesday, December 17, at 8 p.m. 941 Lawrence Avenue
Book Lecture—"You, the Jury"—Mary Borden

Friday, December 19, at 7:30 p.m., Anderson Hall
Sunday School Christmas Party. Santa will have a gift for every child. Entertainment by the Church School.

Friday, December 19, at 8 p.m. Bradley Hall
Channing Club Christmas Party. Young people of High School age invited.

Sunday, December 21, 11 a.m.
Christmas Sunday Service—Dr. Bradley's subject: "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them"

Sunday, December 21, 7 p.m.
Annual Candle Light Service and Christmas Play
Candle Light Service by Children of the Church School
Christmas Play—"A King Shall Reign" by Marion Wefer
To be presented by the Jack and Jill Players, Franklin Adams, Director.
In Memory of J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director of The Uptown Players.

Monday, December 22, 8 p.m.
Candle Light Service and Christmas Play repeated

Wednesday, December 24, 8 p.m.
Christmas Book Lecture—"Christ In Poetry"—Thomas Curtis Clark

Wednesday, December 24, 11 p.m. until midnight
Christmas Eve Service—Dr. Bradley's subject: "Love Never Faileth"

Sunday, December 28, 11 a.m.—
Dr. Bradley's Subject: "What Did You Get from Christmas?"

Sunday, December 28, 7 p.m.—
Dr. Bradley's Subject: "Let's Look at the Record"

Wednesday, December 31, 8 p.m.
Book Lecture—"What Are We Living For?"—J. G. Bennett

Wednesday, December 31, 11 p.m. until midnight
Annual Watch Night Service—Dr. Bradley's subject: "A New Life Begins at Midnight"

ALONG THE WAY

BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

I AM writing this in mid-November, on a day when the thermometer reads 73°. Evidently the old world is not only topsy-turvy in its international relations but the weather also is joining in the general situation. All weather records for the month of November have been broken in the Chicago area, where I live; and my sister told me only yesterday that she has Forsythia buds on her shrubs at her Michigan home. Probably by the time you will be reading these lines Winter will have come with all of its cold and snow, and these warm, summerlike days will be but memories.

I started out to make this month's article one vibrant with the Christmas spirit and projecting the Christmas motif. To write about Christmas on a day like this is more of a challenge than my limited imagination can project. Nevertheless I wish every person who reads these words would accept my personal expression of gratitude for your kindness and co-operation and inspiration which have been brought to me during the past year, and my deepest wish for you is that your Christmas may be an unusually happy one and your New Year the best year of all.

One of the most beautiful services we have during the entire year is Christmas Eve service. I wish it might be possible for you to attend the service this year. It will be held on December 24th at 11 p.m., and as the chimes ring out at midnight to greet the Christmas Day, it is a moment which makes an abiding impression upon everyone's heart. Our church is always beautifully decorated, the music is incomparable, and I look forward to it as one of the most inspiring hours which I spend in the pulpit during the entire year.

* * *

It is always a thrilling experience for me to go to Washington, D.C. I have been going there several times a year for many years. The first impressions which I had of our capital city came to me as a High School student when, during my senior year I was privileged to visit Washington, attend the session of the Senate and the House, and see the many places of interest. I like the idea, and have encouraged it many times, which some High Schools carry out in the United States every year. The senior class is taken on a trip to Washington. Impressions are made upon young people which last all through life. Our own past history takes on a new vitality. Great personalities and great moments in the life of the nation become vivid realities and not just subject-matter in a High School history book. And even though George Bernard Shaw one time said, "The only thing we learn from history is that we learn nothing from history," this is only a dangerous half-truth. If I were a philanthropist, one of the things I would certainly do with my money would be to make it possible for any High School student to visit the City of Washington. I know it would have a definite formative effect upon their lives and character.

Speaking of Washington, I had an opportunity this month of speaking on an occasion which in many respects was the greatest opportunity I have had. The National President, Mrs. Ahlgren, of the National Federation

of Women's Clubs, invited me to come to Washington and address all of the state presidents and chairmen of the various activities of the federation. I accepted the invitation with a deep sense of the responsibility, for one is speaking not merely to the assembled group, but to a group representing six millions of women in the United States. My prior engagements were such that I could only have about seven hours in Washington, arriving at four in the afternoon and leaving at 11 the same night, but the event will linger long in my memory. The graciousness of the reception given me, the kindly words spoken about me in the introduction by the National President, the opportunity of greeting old friends whom I had known and for whom I had often spoken throughout the country, the warm reception given me by the members of the Illinois Federation who were present, all constituted for me a memory which will be one of the happiest of my life.

The contribution which women are making to the political, educational and business world cannot be computed. With the increasing inventions and mechanical equipment for meeting the problems of the home and lessening the physical labor of women in the home, more leisure is created. Many women are finding it possible to devote part of their time to some cultural or spiritual or economic program which a few years ago would have been impossible. Leisure is to be one of our major problems in the coming years. One economist says that ultimately, because of mechanistic advance, it will be necessary to work only two hours a day, four days a week, to produce and develop all that we need. What a person does in his leisure time is as much a part of building his character, and sometimes a greater part, than what he does in his working hours. Some of the most yonder-minded women I know are giving great consideration to the problems of our modern world. Their potentiality is perhaps greater than is any other segment of society. I am convinced, after giving some careful consideration to the results of the recent election, that perhaps the women's vote was a determining factor in the results.

By whatever route one enters Washington, it is always interesting and historical. This time I made the journey from Chicago in a very comfortable dome-car of the Baltimore and Ohio and spent a delightful time going along through the valley of the Potomac. Almost every mile of it has some historical interest. The scenery around Harper's Ferry was especially appealing, and, as one rode along smoothly and comfortably one could not help but think of pioneer days and of the men and women who permitted no physical barrier to prevent them from going westward, ever westward, until they looked upon the waters of the great Pacific and laid the foundation for our own beloved country.

* * *

Another speaking experience which I shall remember gladly was the two days which I spent in Nebraska recently, speaking to the divisions of the Nebraska State Teachers Association. I gave two addresses at Hastings, Nebraska, and the next day two in the auditorium of the University of Nebraska at Lincoln. I enjoy speaking to teachers and through the years I have done a great deal of lecturing to teachers' institutes. It was the first time I had ever visited the campus of the University of Nebraska. All my life I had heard of Lincoln, and the earliest association which I recall about Lincoln, Nebraska is that it was the home of William Jennings Bryan; so when I was in Lincoln I asked about

Mr. Bryan's home and was taken out to see it. The external appearance of the house has been unchanged, but the home was donated as a nurses' home to a nearby hospital. It sets on lovely grounds on a hilltop and overlooks the broad expanse of Nebraska pastoral scenery. While I never agreed with much of Mr. Bryan's theology and less with his political philosophy, I always had the greatest admiration for him. I knew him and have heard him speak many times. I have traveled with him in the Chautauquas of the old days and saw him not too long before his death. He was a man of unimpeachable character and abiding sincerity. I am sure he would be greatly pleased that his old home, where he lived during the hectic campaigns for the presidency, and under whose roof his happy family life was a great inspiration to him in his work, is being used for such a noble and necessary purpose. His brother Charles was at one time Governor of Nebraska and the family is spoken of with reverence and esteem.

I do not think I have ever spoken to a more alert group of educators than I did at Hastings and Lincoln. I had an opportunity in both places, and particularly in the University of Nebraska, to have personal conversations with many of the teachers. It is the fashion, I know, in some quarters to belittle our public school system, and many people criticize much which is being done. But like most criticism, the most severe critics are those who know the least about it. I come back from these lecture trips around the country always encouraged and more certain that all of our problems and difficulties will be met courageously. I do not share the pessimism so prevalent about the future. I have many reasons and they are increasing daily, for believing that people are becoming more deeply concerned about the future. There is evidence everywhere that a renewal of interest and a deepening of concern are prevalent. The spirit of frustration or inability to do anything about anything is being eliminated. People are beginning to realize that they have some control over their own destiny and that the direction in which they move is established by themselves. The old idea that we are moving in a vicious and repetitious circle is rapidly becoming obsolete. There are many indications of this and I am convinced as I go about my work that people are changing their attitudes and are giving evidence that they are not caught by some relentless process of history but that they can protect and control their own destiny. All of this is but an affirmation of what I have tried to preach during my entire ministry. I have never doubted for one moment the principal of progress and I have always accepted the idea that man was created and designed for something high and in spite of the torturous way over which he must tread, his face will always be turned toward the dawn and his heart will always dream of a better tomorrow.

* * *

Last Easter, when I was in the Panama Canal Zone, I met some of our Unitarian friends who founded the Unitarian Society of Balboa, C.Z. After visiting their meeting place and visiting with some of the officers I concluded that there was a great opportunity in Balboa for a Unitarian church. The society had been meeting regularly under lay leadership. They said to me that if they could get someone to come down and spend the summer with them it would result in the organization's increasing in strength and influence, and lay the foundation for a permanent minister. When I returned to Chicago I presented the matter to Dr. Wallace W. Robbins, the President of our

Meadville Theological School at the University of Chicago. Dr. Robbins heartily agreed with the idea and soon we had arrangements made for one of Meadville's students, Mr. Allan Dampman, to go to the Canal Zone and spend the summer. Mr. Dampman had a most unusual and interesting summer. He soon made a definite place for himself and his work in the Canal Zone, preaching every Sunday morning at 10:30 in the pulpit, and at 7:45 on the Atlantic side; and every Monday morning at 7:00 o'clock he had a radio program and held discussion meetings on alternate Wednesday evenings at 7:30. I have just received a lengthy and detailed report of his work, signed by Dorothy B. Bowen, the President, and Caroline B. Haman, the Clerk. It is a thrilling report and I wish I had space to publish every word of it. Our church is not usually thought of as a missionary church, though in heart and spirit we are. I am planning to visit the Canal Zone again at Eastertime, and hope to have the opportunity of preaching for the Unitarian Society there in Balboa. Mr. Dampman is carrying on his work this Winter at our school at the University of Chicago, and whether, upon his graduation he may choose to go back to the Canal Zone I do not know, but I do know that the nine weeks which he served there in this pioneer work in Central America will be an encouragement for the liberal churches of the country to increase at every opportunity their help and support of our friends who are in some of the more remote places of the world and who do not have all the advantages of Liberal Religion which we enjoy at home. I congratulate Allan Dampman and also the Society in Balboa, C.Z., that they have accomplished so much in such a short time.

* * *

I wonder how many of our readers ever heard of Dr. Hiram W. Thomas. I wonder if any reader ever heard him preach. One of the tragedies of the ministry is that when a minister's voice is stilled it doesn't take very long for him to be forgotten. Dr. Hiram W. Thomas was one of the great pulpit voices of the City of Chicago. He organized the Peoples Church of Chicago in 1880 and had a long and distinguished career. The church met all during those years at McVicker's Theatre in Chicago's loop. He was a contemporary with Professor David Swing, who founded Central Church which met in the old Central Music Hall. This hall occupied the space where Marshall Field's Store now stands. These two men influenced the religious thinking of their generation. Dr. Thomas had been a Methodist clergyman, but became too liberal for his denomination and continued preaching independently. He lived until 1909. After his death the Peoples Church had Dr. John Merriam Driver and Dr. Frank Crane, neither of whom possessed the pulpit abilities of Dr. Thomas. The church moved out of McVicker's Theatre and went to the Woodlawn Masonic Temple, where its final services were held.

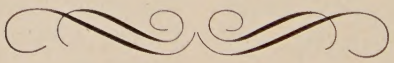
In 1912 a group from the old Peoples Church united with the small group which was then being organized and which is today our Peoples Church, and wanted us to go on with the ministry of the old Peoples Church. This we did, and Mrs. P. E. Gould, who was the President of their Woman's Club, became President of our club, and Mr. William Hickcox, who was their Treasurer, became Treasurer of the new Peoples Church, and in a factual sense the Peoples Church of Chicago of today was really founded in 1880, and the Peoples Church of Chicago to which I came in 1912 took the charter of the Peoples Church founded by Dr.

Thomas and we have continued ever since.

It seemed appropriate therefore that in 1912 the Chicago Lawn Congregational Church, of which Mrs. Thomas was a member, to which was left at her death some property and funds with which to build a new church, should build a church dedicated as the Thomas Memorial Congregational Church, at 64th Place and Homan Avenue, here in the City of Chicago. It seemed appropriate also that on the 50th Anniversary of the Church, the Reverend Kenneth T. Widney, who is doing an admirable work there, should invite me to give the Community Address at the 50th Anniversary Service. I accepted the invitation and it was one of the great evenings of my life. The church was filled to capacity, several other clergymen were present and participated in the service, the Rev. Mr. Widney introduced me most graciously and I told the history of the Peoples Church of Chicago. The heterodoxy of one generation often becomes the orthodoxy of another. Dr. Thomas, were he living today and preaching in a Methodist pulpit, would be accepted almost universally. As I have read his sermons which constituted the basis for his trial for heresy by the Methodist Church, I could not discover a single theological position which any intelligent Methodist clergyman or layman would deny him today. I was honored to have had a part in celebrating the 50th birthday of the Thomas Memorial Church, and one minister's name will be perpetuated in the church life of the City of Chicago by a splendid modern plant, by a devoted, loyal pastor, in a community which appreciates the efforts being made. I sometimes wish Professor David Swing had such a memorial, for his history and the history of Central Church corresponds very closely to the history of Dr. Thomas and the Peoples Church, but no church has been given his name, and so far as I know very little is done to perpetuate his memory. He was one of the most intellectual and spiritual men ever to stand in a Chicago pulpit. Some day I am going to devote a whole article to Professor David Swing. He has been one of my patrons and one of my inspirations all of my adult life. My congratulations and my best wishes and the wishes of my church are extended to the Thomas Memorial Church, its pastor and its members and its friends.

* * *

I hope that you will read carefully the Christmas Season program which we have planned in the church. Practically every event during the month of December will revolve around the Christmas motif. I hope you will plan to attend as many of the services and events as possible. I know for many of you it will be a busy time and for some of you a hectic time. Some of you on Christmas morning will be so tired from all the activities involved that you will feel more like resting than observing the day, but whatever the circumstances are, it is my deepest prayer that your whole Yuletide Season be one of happiness and the New Year a year which, when it closes, will have brought a realization of your highest hopes.



VACCINATION AGAINST FEAR

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
IN THE
PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
OCTOBER 12, 1952

IT SEEMS appropriate on a Sunday as important as this Sunday is historically, that we should be talking about vaccination against fear, for it is a day made conspicuous by the example of one of the most fearless men this world has perhaps ever seen. Four hundred sixty years ago this very day, a man with eighty other men left in three little ships to sail out into the unknown western sea. The whole world pauses today in recognition of the significance of that voyage; and while nearly 500 years separate us from that event, any careful observer of history cannot help but see its significance and its importance.

On this day in which the great event of the discovery of the Western World (for it was more than the discovery of America) took place, and against the background of the life of this man, I wanted to find some significant ideas and inspiration that would help the fearful ones and the anxious ones who are in our contemporary world. There are still western oceans to be spanned. The day of the pioneer has not passed. The spirit of adventure is not dead. The lure of tomorrow is still supreme. All the possible advances in any one of the sciences, including the social sciences, and any future development in the area of religion, will merely widen and enlarge the concept of God. Do not be one who accepts the static interpretations of the history which is behind us. Do not allow yourself to be fooled into a belief that the books of inspiration have been closed, or that heroism is dead, that civilization is doomed, that we are all experiencing a degeneracy which in turn will be so disintegrating and disengaging, that we will lose our anchorage and our future will be destroyed. Do not succumb to the idea that the potency of evil and of evil men is greater than that of good and good men. Do not allow yourself to fear that because of what is happening in the world there is no future for yourself, your country, or your world. If your heart has become so completely surfeited with defeatism, that you accept the philosophy that there is no solution for the problems of the country, and no solution for the problem of peace for the world; that we are only a lot of trapped and caged people, the victims of circumstance over which we have no control, facing the relentless brutality of a patterned history, unable to direct our own destiny or to control our own future in an hour when fears have started to take possession of many people who should be of such heroic mold that these fears should make no impression upon them whatever—it would then be well for you to glance at the philosophy of fear itself. The world of science, by constant experimentation, classification, and observation, which is the technique of all scientific advance, has been able to find in sometimes the most weird origins and in the most unlikely fields antidotes that possess the power not only to kill the active living germ of destruction but also able to build fortification in the human body of such resistance that though one's own body may be filled with deadly germs, they are unable to operate their destructive mission. It is not merely cure through

vaccination; it is much more—prevention through vaccination. And just as the material scientist is delving into the most unusual sources for some of their own preventive operations, so must the soul of man do, as it faces a diseased world—and the world is diseased. It is tragically and sadly stricken with a paralysis.

The world has had a great paralytic stroke and in the hour of its finest hopes and its most beautiful dreams, it finds itself unable apparently to do anything about this ghastly institution of war, while the agonizing hearts of thousands of parents (35,000 more Illinois parents in the next two weeks) watch and wait as we pour our men against the millions of manpower out of the heart of Asia, where human life is cheap, where an individual is a number, where he is only a cog, where he is only a means to the end, for so diabolical is their philosophy of government and so immoral is their philosophy of life. So small is their concept of the dignity and value of the human personality. Their ultimate conflict is in that field specifically, not merely in just some process or technique of government, not merely between white people and brown people and black people and yellow people, but between two concepts of human life, that is the fundamental issue.

And there are those who are so fearful of the ultimate victory of those who are devoted to the ideology of the inconsequential character of the human personality that they are off-center and are unable to think clearly. They are swayed by artificial emotions and substitute mottoes and slogans for thinking. In this hour America finds itself in an emotional upheaval of carefully designed technique, in which people shrug their shoulders in fear and say, "What is the use? There is nothing that can be done about it." There is no hope for any individual in any experience of life, none whatsoever, whose own final conclusion is "nothing can be done about it." If there is one despairing listener, one person in the church this morning whose despair and problems and anxieties and fears are such that they have come to the conclusion that there is nothing that can be done about it, nothing which can be done about your condition, your situation, your life; that you are helpless and hopeless and merely at the mercy of an uncontrollable force that is taking you body and soul, so you say, "I am a victim and there is nothing that can be done about it," my dear friend, if such is the tragic circumstance in which you find yourself this morning, I must say to you quite dogmatically you have just about reached the end. If that is to be your attitude toward your problem and your situation, you are very close to the smash-up. The institutions of our country are filled with people who developed so highly a sense of inadequacy, fostered and encouraged by the idea of insecurity, that their physical and mental equipment was such that they came to a tragic end—and if that is your own diagnosis, I hope I can say something from this pulpit that will shake you out of it. I would rather renew the courage of someone who tuned in the radio this morning or who came in here this morning feeling that there was nothing that could be done about it, than to do anything else in the world. If I could capture the imagination of one heart in this sermon; if I could in the midst of this horrible tortured moment in which we all live, touch one life whose dreams have turned into nightmares, whose strength of body and soul is dissipated under the tragedy of failure; if I could touch that one heart, that one soul, how worth while this would all be. If I could make one

life, just one heart, perhaps someone listening in a little room with a little midget set, a room that is in turmoil, a room which is only memories of horror and tragedy, some lonely life, if I could find and touch the heart of that young lady for whom the police of the City and the State are searching the countryside today, if I could find the heart of that young fine husband with everything in the world for his future but whose twisted conscience found the temptation of embezzlement in his bank too much for him,—if I could find the heart of that wife and mother as she in this agonizing moment looks into the faces of the little children—perhaps they are all listening. We never know the miracle of the radio. I marvel at it every week in my life. Perhaps somewhere the heart so frightened and dominated by fear that it is running in circles, hears me.

I have been creating a fictitious personality. You only think there is nothing that can be done about it. You only think that you are trapped. You only think that your personality is hurt or scarred. You think that life has been unkind and cruel and so you are frightened with life—and you have tried to run away from its reality. Perhaps you tried to run away from it with alcohol. Some of you have tried to run from it with drugs and heroin; some of you have tried to run away from life and have forgotten to hide. No one yet ever ran away from life. You can't even run away from life in death. Even suicide opens the door of life. You can't run away from life. No one ever ran away from life, and if you are afraid and fearful of life this sermon was meant for you. This hour was designed for you. Quietly and reverently hear me through.

The great pioneering adventuresome man has had much twisted history told about him. There is not a shadow of evidence in anything connected with the life of Christopher Columbus to show that he ever dreamed of discovering another continent; that Columbus had a great vision that over in the western world was a new continent and a new world;—that is sheer fallacy. Christopher Columbus never dreamed of a new world; Christopher Columbus was dreaming of a new path to an old world. What Columbus was attempting to do, encouraged by the support of Ferdinand and Isabella, was to find a short route to India, that the commercial products of Spain might with great facility be exchanged in dealing with India. So Christopher Columbus conceived that by going west he should find the East, and never having set foot upon what is now United States soil, yet Christopher Columbus was so persistent in his dream and so fearless of the power of the elements and so convinced that he could find the water route to India, and he could find that water route by sailing west, that he persisted in his enterprise with the result which you all know. But to credit him with a vision of discovering a new continent is a misinterpretation of a historic fact. He had discovered a new continent, but it was accidental and not by design. What Columbus was trying to do was to find the water routes to India, and so happy was he when he landed, that when the American red man came out to greet the little flotilla and the eighty men who were with him, Columbus in exaltation shouted, "India, India!" And the American red man was called "Indian" from that moment on, for Christopher Columbus thought he was in India, and so the redman became Indian and has been Indian ever since. The value of the pioneering, adventuresomeness of Christopher Columbus was in his devotion to an idea, that he could find the way to India. It is the way to India

that you must find in your lives; it is the basic faith that there is an India at the end of the voyage.

What are the three things that prevent fear? Much is to be said for fear, you know. There is a lot to be said for fear. Every person in this congregation this morning has in his heart certain fears. It is the fear of an automobile in traffic that keeps some of you alive, and the moment you eliminate that sense of fear in traffic you are dead. They say in Chicago that we are always just between the living and the dead—and if you are not quick you are dead, and that is true. There is a certain basic fear that is healthy and normal—the fear that exists in your heart when you see someone incapacitated physically, who is suffering from violations of dietetic laws or has violated some other law of the physical structure of man and you see them suffer in pain and in agony, you are fearful of ever being like that, and you want to keep well and strong and vital. That is a normal fear. The fear of losing one's job has been instrumental in causing a lot of people to do their work well, for there are a lot of people who are afraid of losing their jobs. That is a worrisome kind of fear, isn't it? So you do your work well.

There are others who are fearful of the tragedies of old age when income is no longer possible, and one's own relation to the society in which one lives is interfered with; and as one grows older there is the tragic fear in every human heart of not being wanted. I think one of the greatest tragedies I know is the tragedy of a person who comes to that moment of life where they are fearful that they are not wanted; that no one wants them around—not wanted—that is a basic fear some of us might find ourselves holding some day—not wanted. That is a fear.

There are three things that are preventative. First, is your own house in order? A person whose house is in order, whose life is in order, need have no fear of anything or anybody. I am tempted just here, to repeat an adage that I like. Now, it is not profanity, and I like that adage—"so live that you can look any person in the face and tell him to go to hell." I like that. Now begin your condemning letters right away. With all your criticism it won't bother me at all, only I wish you would put a dollar bill in the envelope when you write the letter. But you see what I mean, don't you? When you are in order, and you are doing the best you can with your life, don't be afraid of anybody and don't you be afraid of anything. Oh, they will try to hurt you, all right. They may even hate you, but the hate will always turn and rend the hater.

And the second thing is an awareness that you have acquired spiritual inner power to meet every circumstance that pours into your heart. That power is the power of God. And you can meet temptation; you can meet disaster; meet whatever circumstance it is; and you know that deep down inside of you is a power, a power that you can call on and a power that will reveal itself without fail. It will take care of you. Let the hurricane howl, the tempest roar, the lightning strike. You have a power, an inner resourcefulness—it is there. You will stumble and fall and get up only to stumble and fall, but the inner surge of the power of the Divine Love is there. It is available.

And the third thing that will cure every fear is "faith." Your heart will never be wrecked with an uncontrollable fear as long as you keep your faith alive in your heart. Don't let defeatism, cynicism, despair, ruin your future. Know what the present is and know what the past has been. What

has the past got to do with it? Nothing at all.

One of the most beautiful doctrines of Christianity is the doctrine of repentence, and repentence simply means the beginning all over again while all of the past is obliterated. That is the soul of Christian philosophy and that is true. So don't let the past tyrannize you. Don't let it stand in the way; don't claim what is not yours. Why give reality to that which is not you? That is the basis for the elimination of fear.

You know basically and fundamentally there are only two elemental fears, and a little baby who has never become associated through experience —a little baby has only two fears, and you mothers ought to know what they are. The only two fears that a baby ever has are the fear of falling and the fear of a loud noise. Try it out on your little baby when you toss him, you fathers, and when you catch that little youngster feel that automatic reflex of fear as he falls into your arms—for he doesn't know anything about falling, never has had any experience. Then strike a loud noise and you will see what the little youngster will do. He will respond to the basic fears—falling and noise are basic fears of the human heart.

The most beautiful triumph in the world is the triumph of the men and women who know neither famine, storm, nor tempest, but who face life not with running away from it but running into it; for if you run into life and take with you faith in God, you will run through life and you soon will be in an area where your soul can say with other great souls, "Be not afraid. I, the Lord thy God, will be with you," and the fears evaporate.

CHURCH NEWS

Book Lectures

For Wednesday evenings in the month of December, Dr. Bradley has chosen the following books:

December 3
"Standard Revised Version of the Bible"

December 10
"Time and Eternity"
W. T. Stace

December 17
"You, the Jury"
Mary Borden

December 24
"Christ in Poetry"
Thomas Curtis Clark

December 31
"What Are We Living For?"
J. G. Bennett

A Successful Bazaar

One more Bazaar—the 41st—has been held and brought to a successful climax in the Peoples Church.

I express to the Chairman, Mrs. Paul H. Raabe, and her loyal corps of workers, to all the Bazaar Booth Chairmen, to every member and friend of the Church who helped to bring this 41st Annual Bazaar to such a successful conclusion, my heartfelt gratitude for your loyal co-operation. May this year continue to be in every way one of our finest years, and may your Christmas be a Merry one.

Dr. Preston Bradley

Reception to Dr. and Mrs. Bradley

One of the loveliest evening affairs held in the church was a Reception given to Dr. and Mrs. Bradley, Tuesday, November 11th, in Anderson Hall. Mrs. A. S. Kredler, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Church,

was Hostess for the evening and had planned the entire affair. It was a Homecoming Evening in which all the organizations of the Church took part.

Dr. and Mrs. Preston Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, and the members of the Board of Trustees and their wives were in the receiving line. After the greetings were over, Mrs. Kredler asked Dr. Bradley for a few remarks.

Dr. Bradley then gave a friendly, intimate address of gratitude to the members for their kindness and loyalty to him and to the church through the years and to the present Mrs. June Bradley. He presented to the group his friend Mr. Peter Reisenhus, Knighted by the King of Denmark and the oldest church member present; also one who grew up from childhood in the Sunday School, Mr. Franklin Adams, Director of the Jack and Jill Players, who is to produce and direct a Christmas play for the church in memory of Jimmie (J. Bradley-Griffin), Dr. Bradley's foster son and known and loved by the church members through the years. In the early days of the Uptown Players, Founded and Directed throughout his life by Jimmie, Frankie Adams and his sister had played a child's part on the stage of Anderson Hall under Jimmie's direction.

Dr. Bradley presented also Mr. and Mrs. Ben Haslet, the father and mother of June Bradley; and presented Mrs. Glenn Voliva, widow of Rev. Glenn Voliva of Zion, Illinois, who is a regular attendant at Dr. Bradley's book lectures.

Mrs. Bradley was asked to say a few words of greeting and charmed everyone with her natural geniality, as she thanked the members of the church for their friendly reception of her.

Dr. Bradley then presented his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Russell V. Judson, of Linden, Michigan. Mrs. Judson gave reminiscences of Dr. Bradley's early start in the ministry and closed them with the lovely little poem "Give Them the Flowers Now."

Mrs. Kredler then introduced Mrs. Paul Raabe, President of the Woman's Club, who presented the wedding gift from the church groups to Dr. and Mrs. Bradley. It was a most exquisite and beautifully designed coffee table, with tooled leather top, and a dozen silver demi-tasse coffee spoons.

Many have since expressed a desire for an annual intimate homecoming reception such as this, where members of all the church groups meet for an evening of informal sociability.

Professional and Business Woman's Club

Many were unable to attend the afternoon meeting of the Woman's Club when Mrs. Preston Bradley showed colored slides of her "Summer Trip to Europe." The lecture was extremely well received and many requests have come to Mrs. Bradley for other lectures and showings of the slides.

On Tuesday evening, December 9th, at 8 o'clock, the Professional and Business Woman's Club will present Mrs. Bradley, who will give this illustrated lecture.

It will be an open night at the club, men and women are invited, and refreshments will be served. This is a grand opportunity to go to Europe by proxy and to view and learn much that is of pictorial and historical interest.

The Preston Bradley Auxiliary of the Mary Bartelme Club and the Professional and Business Woman's Club are presenting gifts to the girls of Lakewood House at Christmas time. If any of our readers would like to win a Ford car, make inquiry of some of the members of this club.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

ON THAT first Christmas the little Christ child came to teach us to be loving and forgiving to all mankind. So may we open our minds and our hearts at this Christmas time and become teachable —may we become teachable. Let us put aside for a few moments all the little things which clutter up our minds and take so much of our time and attention and reverently and with dignity take down the shutters from our hearts and the blinds from our eyes, that we may let Him teach us.

May He be patient with our ignorance, until our minds and hearts do become sufficiently sensitive to the divine light, that we may understand better than we do. So our simple prayer is today that we may be teachable. May every heartbroken life, every body racked with pain, ever life disillusioned and sad, everyone who is finding life a very difficult experience, all of our young people, our elderly people, may we all become attuned to this prayer of becoming teachable. May we in the unity of that common desire find the answer. May every heart and every life be transformed and changed, and may the familiarity of the words of the beloved prayer of old not disturb the divinity of its message:

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed by thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done,
As in heaven, so on earth.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts,
As we also have forgiven our debtors.
And bring us not into temptation.
But deliver us from evil.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.
The Christmas Party for the Children of the Church School will be held on Friday night, December 19th

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, Dec. 1st, Art Department presents Mr. S. R. Benner, showing "Beautiful Movies of Europe."..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 15th, Veterans and Volunteers Dept. Christmas party, presenting Ina Mae Jones, in the "Gay Nineties," and in Whistler Interpretations ..... 1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Meets on the 4th Monday, but holds no meeting in December ..... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Women's Club—Meeting on Tuesday, December 9th. Program to be announced..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director
In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of High School Age) Meets 1st and 3rd Friday..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club, Secretary, Henry R. Wandrey, 2244 S. Hamlin Ave. CRawford 7-7104

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall.... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning the entire church service is broadcast. ..... 11:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

AS I begin to write these words, with the thought of Christmas in my mind, I raise my glance to a nearby window overlooking Lincoln Park. Christmas? I query all to myself. True, the branches of the trees stand bare against parched and lifeless-looking grass and the rays of the sun cast long shadows of the tree trunks to the northward. But the temperature hovers around 65 or 70 and there isn't the slightest suggestion of winter weather, or a north wind howling around the corners of the house. Rather does it look like a lazy day in late summer (except the grass and trees are not green). No, it certainly gives no hint of snow and wind and even of cold rain this beautiful day of November 14th in Chicago.

This is the December Liberalist we are preparing, however, and Christmas is coming, no matter what the weather, and beginning with Saturday, November 29th, the *Christmas Around the World* programs at the Museum of Science and Industry in Jackson Park will be inaugurated.

Because children and their interests are paramount at the Christmas season, I never can resist telling the parents about these truly distinctive and very enjoyable programs at the Museum at this season of the year.

This will be the eleventh annual series of *Christmas Around the World* programs that have been presented there. These programs will last from November 29th through Sunday, December 14th, and the exhibit of Christmas trees will remain until New Year's Day.

The display of Christmas trees in the Museum's rotunda is very spectacular, each tree 20 feet high and decorated according to the customs of the country represented in the various programs.

Traditional Yuletime customs, songs and dances from around the world will be presented in the Museum's west-wing theatre during the afternoon and evening. Admission is free.

During the week, theatre presentations will be given each day at 2:00, 7:30 and 9:00 p.m. On Saturdays and Sundays additional programs will be given at 3:30 and 5:00 p.m. Reservations may be obtained at the Museum or may be made by mail if a self-addressed and stamped envelope is included.

Afternoon programs are presented primarily for the benefit of school children, for whom group reservations can be made by the teacher. Participating in these afternoon shows will be various choral and dramatic groups from Chicago schools.

Evening programs will be given by the various nationality groups of Chicago who will offer a wide variety of folklore songs, customs, dances and other traditions associated with Christmas and which have contributed to American culture.

Christmas dinners featuring the favored dishes of each nationality represented in the series will be served in the Museum dining room (buffet style)

from 5 to 8:30 p.m. It is very pleasant for a group to gather for dinner before the show and make the evening one complete get-acquainted evening with your especially chosen nationality.

Sat., Nov. 29—Ukrainian Day
Sun., Nov. 30—German Day
5 p.m., Croatian
Mon., Dec. 1—Mexican Day
Tue., Dec. 2—Irish Day
Wed., Dec. 3—Lithuanian Day
Thu., Dec. 4—Danish Day
Fri., Dec. 5—Swedish Day
Sat., Dec. 6—Norwegian, afternoon
Italian, evening
Sun., Dec. 7—Czechoslovakian Day
Mon., Dec. 8—Polish Day
Tue., Dec. 9—Japanese, afternoon
Hungarian, evening
Wed., Dec. 10—Dutch Day
Thu., Dec. 11—French Day
Fri., Dec. 12—Chinese, afternoon
Greek, evening
Sat., Dec. 13—British Day
Sun., Dec. 14—United States Day

Afternoon programs at 2:00 p.m., repeated at 3:30 p.m., if necessary.

Evening programs at 7:30, repeated at 9:00.

National dinners served in the Cafeteria from 5:00 to 8:30. Adults $1.75; children $1.00.

There you have the complete program and I do hope many will take advantage of this educational, cultural and interesting and enjoyable treat.

* * *

On October 23rd and 24th, Dr. Bradley gave four addresses for the Nebraska State Education Association, both at Lincoln and at Hastings, Nebraska, and he was pleased on the 30th to receive the following letter from the President of District IV, N.S.E.A.:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We had hoped that you would "dare" us to stand firm on the basic principles of democracy and to give proper place to the great Christian ideals in the program of public education—and you did. The very fine audience response to your inspiring address bears testimony both to worthy content and to superior delivery. You added dignity and power to our program.

Please accept my most sincere thanks for coming to Hastings and speaking for our 1952 District Four Nebraska State Education Association convention.

Very sincerely yours,
H. V. Taylor, President.

* * *

Then from Mrs. W. W. Wilkinson of the Woman's Auxiliary of Bryn Maws came this note:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I want to thank you again for making our Men's Night at Bryn Mawr such an outstanding date in our church program. We were delighted to have you as our guest and I personally feel very privileged to have been your hostess.

The warmth and friendliness of your personality will always remain with me. These two wonderful qualities added to your intellectual superiority are an incomparable combination and make you truly great.

* * *

Mrs. George L. Spence of Decatur, Illinois, who never forgets the annual bazaar, wrote renewing her subscription to The Liberalist, and told of being in Chicago and attending the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star and the reception for the Worthy Grand Matron. She adds: "I have been a member 50 years (March 6th, 1902) and this was my 50th Grand Chapter. My activities in the order date back many years. . . . I have finished a little gift for your bazaar. . . . I hear from Miss Ferguson. I wrote her at Eastertime and since then we have tried to keep in touch. I enjoy her letters. . . . Last year, while attending the service in church, I met Mrs. Emanuel and I later had a letter from her. She was most

kind to me that morning and I trust I shall hear from her again. I wrote some time ago but have not had a reply to that letter.

With kindest wishes,

Nellie Spence.

* * *

Now, the very interesting thing about Mrs. Spence's letter is the fact that in the very next mail a letter came to Dr. Bradley from the Mrs. M. Emanuel referred to by Mrs. Spence. Mrs. Spence had been worried for fear Mrs. Emanuel might be ill, or that she had moved and not sent her new address. So now we have the address and can send it on. The letters in the Mail Bag so often dovetail in this fashion.

* * *

Mrs. Emanuel, in her letter, which is a bit sad due to the fact her health is not too well of late, writes this sentence: "How happy I would be if I could get well enough to render a service in the church." In almost the same mail came the letter of Mrs. Spence saying how kind Mrs. Emanuel had been to her in church one morning. Surely that was a lovely service which Mrs. Emanuel rendered to the church. She extended a gracious welcome to one who had come in all the way from Decatur, Illinois, to attend the service.

* * *

We now take from the Mail Bag a very interesting letter from Ruth Heller, Music Editor of Hall & McCreary Company, of Chicago, publishers for the last 51 years of textbooks and music:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am enclosing Hall & McCreary Company's Music Directors' Desk Book which we send to our entire mailing list.

Facing the title page you will find the poem "God Give Us Men!" I am sure it will interest you to know it was at your suggestion that this poem has been included. My Mother and I listen to you on WJJD every Sunday, and of course we heard you read this poem and suggest that it be used by newspapers, etc., the country over. We at H. & M. revise our Desk Book every year. I felt that this fine poem and the timely message it carries was just the thing for this season's Desk Book. I took a copy of the poem down to the office the following morning and we decided at once to use it. And here it is!

Since our Desk Book goes to teachers, this poem will not only come to the attention of educators but indirectly to the young people whom they guide and teach.

May I take this opportunity of telling you how much my Mother and I enjoy your service from the People's Church. My Dad, who passed away last Spring, also loved to hear you. Since he has left us, you have helped us a great deal in bearing our great loss and going on. My Mother and I were connected with Central Church of Chicago. My Mother joined the Church and the Choir when the minister was the great Dr. Gunsaulus. I also sang in the Choir when the minister was the beloved Dr. Shannon. We now live way out on the South Side at 97th St. and no longer can get downtown, so we have turned to the radio and look forward to hearing the Peoples Church and you on Sunday mornings.

God bless you and help you to continue the great work you are doing.

Sincerely,

Ruth Heller,
Music Editor.

* * *

Our readers will be glad to know that The Liberalist is read in Finland, as the following letter from our Mail Bag proves:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I now send you $2 for one year's subscription for The Liberalist. You don't know how much I appreciate receiving The Liberalist every month. It is such good reading and an inspiration to my wife and myself.

Last Summer, when you were in England and Holland I tried to tune in on the radio to hear your sermons but I failed. Probably your sermons were not broadcast.

I only wish I might be able to get a radio sufficiently good that I could hear you here in Finland. I have tried many times, but I haven't heard you yet. Now I can only wish you good health and strength for your great work. I do hope I may some day have the chance to hear you again.

Sincerely, your reader in Finland,
Victor Halen,
Malax, Vasa, Finland.

* * *

May you be richly blessed with peace and happiness at the Christmas Season.

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

BOOK CHATS

Green Treasury was published by Dodd, Mead & Company last October 20th. This very exquisite book is a journey through the World's Great Nature Writing, and this journey has been taken by Edwin Way Teale. Mr. Teale, the naturalist-author of *North With the Spring,* has spent many years in reading the vast literature from many lands about nature. From the millions of words which he has read he has compiled this magnificent book of nature writing. Selections from the work of 87 authors are here, ranging through centuries of time and completely around the globe. From the fabulous falcons of Kublai Khan, of which Marco Polo writes, to the writing of the sea by Rachel L. Carson, is the rich and varied fare here offered to the reader who enjoys the out-of-doors.

There is the thrill of great discoveries in natural history; birds, animals, insects, trees, wildflowers, clouds, jungles, storms, river life, the sea, adventure in wild places. You come upon placid musings of Izaak Walton beside an English stream, wildflower hunting on the Tibetan eaves of the world by Reginald Farrer, the first description of migrating birds in North America, by a Spanish explorer. There are writings by the great natural scientists, Charles Darwin, Alfred Russel Wallace and Alexander von Humboldt. There are pages of Joseph Conrad, Thomas Hardy, Herman Melville, leading descriptive writers of fiction. Here at your armchair you will find all the beauty and strangeness and charm of the outdoors, as seen by the great prose writers of many ages and many lands.

Those who have in varied way found pleasure in the out-of-doors will carry you around the world in their company. Green Treasury will always remain fresh and inviting, and that will be true no matter how much the world may alter and change.

Throughout this book the commentaries of the modern naturalist who compiled it will enliven and personalize the works of the different authors.

Included in Green Treasury will be found the best work of Rachel L. Carson, Joseph Conrad, H. M. Tomlinson, Henry D. Thoreau, Thomas Wolfe, John Burroughs, Henry Beston, Guy de Maupassant, William Beebe, Thomas Hardy, Peter Kalm, Ivan Turgenev, Richard Jefferies, Tao Yung-Ming, Rutherford Platt, Bengt Berg, William Dampier, J. Henri Fabre, Gilbert White, Lewis Gannett, Marco Polo, John Muir, John Donne, W. H. Hudson, Charles Darwin, Herman Melville, Gilbert Klingel, Izaak Walton, Henri Amiel, William Bartram, Roger T. Peterson, Fiona Macleod, Reginald Farrer, Dhan Gopal Mukerji, Thomas Belt, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, John Steinbeck and fifty more.

The book is bound in cloth in two beautiful shades of green, with the inside cover and fly-leaf in green, and pictured thereon is the globe of the world and an enormous number of animals, birds and insects.

Illustrations throughout the book are by Michael H. Bevans.

The divisions in the book made by Mr. Teale are interesting. They are: The Waters—The Land—The Sky—Night and Day—The Seasons—The Life of the Earth: Plants—The Life of the Earth: Animals—The Life of the Earth: Reptiles—The Life of the Earth: Insects—The Life of the Earth: Birds—The Life of the Earth: Man and Nature. The illustrations are at the beginning of each of the 11 parts of the book, and are very excellent.

In the section of the book called The Sky, I found one paragraph by Thomas Hardy under the heading Midnight Stars. The setting is in Dorset and the selection is from Far From the Madding Crowd:

"To persons standing alone on the hill during a clear night such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, which is perceptible in a few minutes of stillness, or by the better outlook upon space that the hill affords, or by the wind, or by the solitude; but whatever its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding."

By Florence Page Jacques, taken from Snowshoe Country, is this description of the first snowstorm on the Canadian border of Minnesota:

"*Basswood Lake, October 12th.* We awoke to our first snowstorm. All the forest was white with dim green undertones; the horizontal branches of our great pines held ledges of snow precariously against the misted sky. In the marsh the tamaracks had not yet lost their needles and their lemon yellow—a strange, clear color—was only faintly veiled, so that they looked as if moonlight were entangled in their branches.

"Through the muskeg and the spruce thickets the deer tracks were patterned, the scarlet leaf-stars of the bunchberry shone above the snow, and chickadees, upside down rather more that usual, were calling in great glee. I wanted to try the snowshoes hanging on the walls, but Lee laughed at the idea of putting them on for a few inches of snow. Instead we went out on the water, the first time I ever drifted through a snowstorm in a canoe. The ducks swimming among the bulrushes and yellow lily pads flew off across the lake, and a deer at the edge of the grass made long leaps into the white forest. The storm hid the distant shores — only the nearest islands floated, suspended in snowflakes.

"Around the point the north wind hit us and we paddled along in two storms, one of white flakes and one of gold aspen leaves. Then we heard geese crying from a great distance. They came, flock after flock, flying in long

V's over the snowy spruces, dimly seen. But their calls were as clear as bugle notes. No music gives the challenging triumph of those cries.

"Tonight a dazzling moonrise lured us out again. All the lake and hills were snowlit and the silver scrolls of clouds that tumbled along the horizon were repeated exactly in the bright water. The whole world was white except for the orange moonpath. There was even light in the shadows. Under the pines our little house, with its yellow windows and the smoke drifting in a soft banner, looked snug and secure."

Green Treasury is a $5 book, but it would make a valuable gift for Christmas and one that would give pleasure for a lifetime.

* * *

Now I am going to tell you about a book that would make an excellent gift for a boy. It is The Boy Scout Encyclopedia (Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts and Explorers), authorized by The Boy Scouts of America, and published by Rand McNally & Company. The price is $2.75, literally filled with illustrations on every page. The text is by Bruce Grant, illustrations by Fiore and Kackie Mastri. The text and illustrations were prepared under the direction of The Boy Scouts of America. It is the first and only single volume covering every phase of Scout activity, from Cub through Eagle rank. It is of great value, not only for lads who wish to become Scouts; but also for men and women who are now active Scout leaders or who plan to become scoutmasters or den mothers. The book is 7⅞ inches by 10¼ and contains a wealth of wilderness wisdom in its 160 pages.

Bruce Grant, the author, is married, has two children and lives in Evanston. He was born in Wichita Falls, Texas, has been a writer ever since his school days, and from the University of Kentucky he went directly into the newspaper field, working his way up from reporting to become city editor of a leading Chicago newspaper. During World War II he was a war correspondent in Europe and, when the war ended, he became a free-lance writer. His first juvenile book, *Eagle of the Sea,* the story of "Old Ironsides," was very popular. Another outstanding children's favorite was *The Cowboy Encyclopedia,* similar in style to *The Boy Scout Encyclopedia.*

* * *

A new First Book has been published recently, called *The First Book of Negroes,* written by Langston Hughes. The First Book series are published by Franklin Watts, Inc., of New York, and cover a wide variety of subjects, such as Cowboys, Eskimos, Firemen, Indians, Negroes, Nurses, Airplanes, Automobiles, Babies, Baseball, Bees, Birds, Boats, and a host of other subjects. They are attractively illustrated in colors, written and illustrated by authors and artists chosen for their first hand knowledge of the subject. They are printed in large type and bound in cloth and sell for $1.75. Herbert S. Zim, College of Education, University of Illinois, says of First Books: "There is no doubt that children and teachers need many more informational books to help in the kind of education which is fast taking its place in our public-school systems. Your First Books are certainly helping in that task."

Dr. Paul A. Witty, School of Education, Ohio State Library, says: "Children are very enthusiastic about these books."

Marie Gaudette, Nature Adviser, Program Department, Girl Scouts of the United States of America, says of First Books: "Our people are crazy about your wonderful First Book Series. We use them constantly at the National Leaders Training School and

in training courses all over the country."

Langston Hughes, author, lecturer, columnist, and poet, is widely known for his sensitive books. Poet-in-Residence at the Laboratory School of the University of Chicago in 1949, he conducted Creative Writing groups from the kindergarten through high school, held classes in American poetry about the Negro, and participated in a seminar on the sources of jazz music. He has visited schools throughout the country, giving readings of his poetry.

Langston Hughes was born in Missouri, grew up in Kansas, the heart of the United States, and has lived and traveled throughout the country. A world traveller as well, he well knows the people about whom he writes in *The First Book of Negroes,* from the Congo to Cuba, Brazil to Alabama, Nigeria to New York.

The purpose of the series of First Books is to answer those questions which boys and girls first start asking on any subject. It would be worth while for parents to stop in at a bookstore and ask to see this series.

* * *

Winter is such an ideal time for armchair traveling if one is held by circumstances to Chicago. Anita Daniel has written a little book (236 small pages, for the book is one of those 4½ by 7 inch books so handy to hold and carry around with you) which she calls *I Am Going to Switzerland.* If you have ever dreamed of going to Switzerland and imbibing that alpine atmosphere and fragrance (and who has not) this book will be a rare treat. The very blue of its covers and the scenes of snow-capped peaks invites one to curl right up in the armchair and go to work on the book.

The publishers of the book (Coward-McCann, Inc.) assure us that it is more than a glorified guide book to Switzerland. The delightful illustrations by Marianne Moll will make the reader at once start saving up for a trip to Switzerland, so if your imagination has a great hold on you perhaps it would be best not to put your nose inside this book.

At the very outset the author tells us: "Someone has said if the mountains could be flattened with a hot iron, Switzerland would be one of the largest countries of Europe. You can fly all over Switzerland in fourteen minutes—the whole Swiss population is less than half of New York City's population—but the moment you put foot on Swiss ground, the country grows—and grows. It is so intensely lived in, worked in, developed—every bit of it is so individualistic, deeply rooted in tradition, and so wide open to progress that you forget about the map space and about the air space. It is an immense area to cover.

"Switzerland is one of the most interesting countries in Europe — and here is why:" The entire remainder of the book is busy telling you why. And the illustrations do a good job of showing you why.

I am sorely tempted in spite of lack of space to copy here every word of the Epilogue to the book, which the author entitles *The Lasting Allure.* It seems to me to contain the most important thing of all to be said for Switzerland:

"The beauty of Switzerland has been sung for centuries by the greatest poets, writers, and philosophers. The virtue of its climate and its spas has been acknowledged by the medical masters of the world. The fame of its products and its technical skill has spread across continents.

"But there is something else—hard to describe when you are far, easy to feel the moment you are there. Switzerland has a very special spell for today's generation.

"It gives us the values we miss, it re-establishes the inner balance so hard to keep in so challenging a time. It is a fact: You relax completely on a Swiss vacation—you breathe freely—you see yourself and the world with fresh eyes.

"A return to nature works out to your benefit anywhere—but in some way very often it helps only for the time being, as an escape into another world. You feel that you cannot mix it with the 'realistic' world in which you have to live.

"Here is what makes Switzerland unique: Besides its magnificent nature, it opens a new perspective on life because in a small frame it gives the answer to so many of our problems today. We learn to realize that in spite of all our technical achievements, new comforts, and general use of modern facilities there is no need for standardization.

With all its order, its cleanliness, its laws, Switzerland has never become standardized. Its citizens speak different languages, have different religions, different views, traditions, hobbies. This proves to be no obstacle whatsoever to a basic common ideal. People here manage to stick to their natural instincts.

"*Fun* has long become a password for all things that add to the pleasant side of life. Yet one feels a little reluctant to apply it to Switzerland. There are too many artificial substitutes included in the all-around meaning of *fun*.

"There is *joy* in a Swiss vacation—the rarest thing nowadays and the best thing to take home. For joy does not quickly evaporate as does fun—it stays on and on in happy memories."

Anita Daniel wrote and published *I Am Going to New York* in Switzerland where it became a best seller. I predict *I Am Going to Switzerland* will send a great many people to Switzerland next summer.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

OCTOBER

1—Meeting of Chicago Commission on Human Relations
Address. Unitarian Church
Hobart, Indiana

2—Address. Men's Club. East Congregational Church. Grand Rapids, Michigan

4—Two Funerals
Wedding
Hospital Calls

5—Morning Service. Peoples Church
26th Anniversary of the building dedication
Address. Marion Avenue Baptist Church, Aurora, Illinois

6—Address. Men's Club. Presbyterian Church, Linden, Mich.

7—Funeral
Address. North Shore Kiwanis Club Edgewater Beach Hotel
Address. Memorial Service, 77th Conclave, Eastern Star. Medinah Temple

8—Funeral
Address. Men's Club. 43rd Ave. Presbyterian Church, Gary, Ind.

11—Wedding

12—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Sermon. Granville Avenue Methodist Church

13—Funeral
Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library

14—Funeral
Address. President's Day Luncheon of Renaissance Club, Svithiod Club
Associated Press Dinner for Charles W. Dunkley, Sherman Hotel
Address. Professional and Business Woman's Club. Peoples Church

16—Funeral
Address. Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairmen. Fullerton Hall, Art Institute
Address. Friends of Literature Dinner, Art Institute

17—Address. General Federation of Woman's Clubs, Statler Hotel, Washington, D.C.

18—Two weddings
19—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Two Christenings
Wedding
Sermon. Warren Ave. Congregational Church
20—Sick calls
21—Funeral
Address. Borrowed Time Club Evanston, Ill.
23—Address. School Administrator's Luncheon. Nebraska State Educational Association
Address. Municipal Auditorium, Hastings, Nebraska
24—Address. General Session, Nebraska State Teacher's Assn. University Coliseum
Address. Social Science Section Love Memorial Library Auditorium
25—Three weddings
26—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Sermon. Original Providence Baptist Church
27—Funeral
Meeting, Board of Trustees Chicago Public Library
Moderator for Men's Club, Peoples Church, Congressmen Jonas and Yates and Candidate Bob Siegrist
29—Funeral
Address. U.S. Steel Award Dinner, Gary, Indiana
30—Address. 50th Anniversary, Hiram W. Thomas Memorial Church, 64th Place and Homan Ave.
31—Sick calls
Address. Dinner and Hallowe'en Party Peoples Church School. Anderson Hall

FUNERALS

4—Miss Adrian Helgason
Mrs. Matilda Riegel
7—Mrs. Theresa Brust
8—Mrs. Anna Pribyl
13—Miss Lina A. Eysenbach
14—Dr. Kurt Herzberg
16—Mr. Leone McArthur
21—Mrs. Harriette Thomson
27—Mr. George Taylor Blenkarn
29—Miss Gertrude Walton

WEDDINGS

4—Marie LaBorde and William Muenter
11—Phyllis Corduan and Harold Kohl
18—Eleanor Anderson and Raymond Pinnau
Margaret Howard and Harold M. Shelton
19—Vera Jarrell and Ernest Reynolds
25—Gladys Wilhelm and John S. Wulfman
Marjorie Lewisburg and Charles Odem
Mildred Walls and Frank J. Luzbi

CHRISTENINGS

12—Lynn Cerise Harrell, daughter of Lt. and Mrs. Richard Harrell
19—Karen Ann Kunz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Kunz
Paul Clifford Olson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. Olson
26—Kimberly Anne Easterday, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Easterday
Mildred May Deyo, (Adult) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seville Deyo
William Lee Wood,
Dawn Jeanetta Wood, (Adult)
Nathan James Wood, (Adult)
children of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan James Wood

New Members Publicly Welcomed Into the Peoples Church Sunday, November 2
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Miss Jean Balch
Mr. Paul Balch
Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bullock
Mr. Clifford Carter
Mrs. Clara Houston
Mrs. Rose Jaffee
Miss Martha LaZare
Mr. Clarence A. Lendzion
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Mr. Charles C. Rountree
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